

Duke upon Duke

An Excellent

BALLAD.

Set to Musick by Mr HOLDECOMBE



1. **T**O Lordlings proud I tune my Song,
who seat in bower or hall;
Though Dukes they be, yet Dukes shall see
that Pride will have a fall.
2. Now that this same it is Right Sooth,
full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John Duke of Guise,
and Nic of Lancastere.
3. When Richard Cœur de Lyon Reign'd,
(which means a Lion's Heart)
Like him his Barons rag'd and roar'd,
each play'd a Lion's Part.
4. A word and blow was then enough,
such Honour did them prick;
If you but turn'd your Cheek, a Cuff,
and if your Ass, a kick.
5. Look in their Face, they tweak'd your Nose,
at every turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your Toes;
they fought from Head to Foot.
6. Of these the Duke of Lancastere
stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trode
his Foes and Friends beside.
7. Firm on his Front his braver fate,
so broad it hid his Chin;
For why, he thought no Man his Mate,
and fear'd to tan his Skin.

8. With Spanish Wool he dy'd his Check,
with Essence oil'd his Hair;
No vixen Civet Cat more sweet,
nor more could scratch and tare.
9. Right Tall he made himself to show,
though made full Short by God;
And when all other Dukes did bow,
This Duke did only nod.
10. Yet Courteous, blith, and Debonaire,
to Guise's Duke was he;
Never was such a loving Pair,
why did they disagree?
11. Oh! thus it was, he lov'd him dear,
and cast how to requite him;
And having no Friend left but this,
he deem'd it meet to fight him.
12. Forthwith he drench'd his desperate Quill,
and thus he did indite,
*This Eve at Wake Our Self will play,
Sir Duke, be here to Night.*
13. *Ab no! ab no! the guileless Guise,*
somewhatly did reply;
*I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
so sore the Gout have I.*
14. The Duke in Wrath call'd for his Steeds,
and fiercely drove them on;
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy Stones,
O kingly Kensington.



in a trice on Guise he rush'd,
 his hand to his dear;
 mark! his Toes
 as he wags an old Dog Trick;
 Up leap'd Duke John and knock'd him down,
 and so fell down Duke Nic.
 Alas, oh Nic! oh Nic, alas!
 Right did thy Gossip call thee,
 As who should say, *Alas the Day*
 when John of Guise shall marry thee.
 18. For on thee he'd he clap his Chair,
 and on that Chair he did sit,
 And look'd as if he meant therein
 to do what was not fit.
 19. Up did'st thou look, oh woeful Duke
 thy Mouth yet durst not ope;
 Certes, for fear of finding there
 a T--d instead of Trope.
 20. "Lye there thou Caitiff vile, quoth Gu
 "no Sheet is here to save thee;
 "The Casement it is shut likewise,
 "beneath my Feet I have thee.
 21. "If thou hast ought to say, now speak.
 Then Lancaster did cry,
 "Knowest thou not me, nor yet thy self,
 "who thou, and who am I?
 22. "Know'st thou not me, who, God be p
 "have bawl'd and quarrel'd more
 "Than all the Line of Lancaster,
 "that battled heretofore?
 23. "In Semblance sum a for many a speech,
 "and what some Awe must give ye,
 "Though laid thus low beneath thy Branch,
 "Still of the Council Privy.
 24. "Still of the Dutchy Chancellor,
 "Durante Life I have it,
 "And turn (as now thou dost on me)
 "my A--e on those that gave it.
 25. But now the Servants they rush'd in,
 and Duke Nic up leap'd he,
 I will not cope against such odds,
 but Guise, I'll fight with thee.
 26. To Morrow with thee I will fight,
 under the greenwood Tree;
 No, not to Morrow, but to Night,
 quoth Guise, I'll fight with thee.

27. And now the Sun declining low,
 bestruck'd with blood the Skies,
 When with his Sword and Saddle-bow
 rode forth the valiant Guise.
 28. Full gently pranc'd he on the Lawn,
 oft row'd his Eyes around,
 And from his Stirrup stretch'd to find
 who was not to be found.
 29. Long brandish'd he his blade in air,
 long look'd the field all o'er,
 At length he spy'd the merry Men brown,
 and eke the Coach and four.
 30. From out the boot bold Nicholas,
 did wave his Hand so white,
 As pointing out the gloomy Glade
 whereat he meant to fight.
 31. All in that dreadful Hour, so calm
 was Lancaster to see,
 As if he meant to take the air,
 or only take a fee.
 32. And so he did, for to New Court
 his howling Wheels they run;
 Not that he thinn'd the doubtful Strife,
 but business must be done.
 33. Back in the Dark, by Brompton Park,
 he turn'd up through the Gore,
 So slunk to Campden House so high,
 all in his Coach and four.
 34. Mean while the Guise did fret and fume,
 a Sight it was to see,
 Benumm'd beneath the Evening Dew,
 under the greenwood Tree.
 35. Then wet and weary home he far'd,
 fore muttering all the way,
 The Day I meet Nic, he shall rue
 the Cudgel of that Day.
 26. Mean time, on every Pissing-post
 paste we this Recrants Name;
 So that each Pisser-by shall read,
 and piss against the same.
 37. Now God preserve our gracious King,
 and grant his Nobles all
 May learn this Lesson from Duke Nic,
 That Pride will have a Fall.

F I N I S.